Under My Skin

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Under My Skin

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Summary

Will considered him a moment before bringing a hand up to rub the bridge of his nose. He'd never wanted piercings. Perhaps once, years ago in his muddle-headed youth, but not since. And this seemed… odd. Damn near kinky, coming from Hannibal.

Hannibal decides to get Will piercings for every year they're together after the fall.

Notes

A kinky little prompt that we had a lot of fun writing. Thanks kinkmeme and Sparky!

If you're curious about the last piercing, look up Guiche piercings at your own risk XD they're not awful, just NSFW

See the end of the work for more notes

Hannibal had never missed an opportunity to get under Will's skin. To leave indelible marks across him, permanent scars all over his body.

It seemed only fitting, therefore, that he would ask for this. "Something you allow me, something to carry with you," Hannibal had said, holding out the innocuous little bar.

What Will heard was "let me permanently alter your body because I am a control freak."

"This is about sex, isn't it?" he said flatly.

Hannibal's brow furrowed, mouth tightening into a thin line. "Many couples wear tokens of affection for one another."

"Oh, yes, I forgot how much you desperately wanted to be just like everyone else." Will rolled his eyes. "Do you even know *how* to pierce a tongue?"

"I know my way around one, yes."

Will leveled him with a baleful gaze. "And will you, too, wear a 'token of affection' from me?"

"Would you like me to?"

"Hannibal," Will shifted around to face him, palms pressed together as he gestured with them. "Can you just be honest with me? What's this about? You don't have much of a kink for body modification - on anyone alive," he added, tilting his head when Hannibal's eyes narrowed in pleasure. "And I'm fairly sure you're not about to kill me. So. What's this about? Why this?"

"I think it would suit you," Hannibal said, and held his breath a moment before releasing it when Will hummed his disbelief. "It is… a token of trust. Your trust in me."

Because I trust you to never reveal us. Because I trust you to not leave me. Because I hope you'll let me do this, just the once.

Will considered him a moment before bringing a hand up to rub the bridge of his nose. He'd never wanted piercings. Perhaps once, years ago in his muddle-headed youth, but not since. And this seemed… odd. Damn near kinky, coming from Hannibal.

"Alright," he said. "Fine. Just the one. Where no one else can see. And if it makes my life difficult once it's healed up I can take it out. Agreed?"

Hannibal beamed at him.

Of course it wasn't just the one. The very next year, to the day, Hannibal held up another barbell and lifted a brow.

Will rubbed his tongue against the roof of his mouth, feeling the ball of his piercing. He'd adjusted. He'd learned to like it. He'd *really* liked what he could do to Hannibal with it. But it had hurt like *hell* .

"Another show of trust?" he asked. "Do you still have so little faith in me?"

Hannibal shook his head. "This one," he said, with a small smirk Will knew to be distrustful of, "I merely thought would look nice on you."

"Appealing to your sense of aesthetics?" Will sighed, holding both arms out. "Where, exactly, do you think this one is going?"

Hannibal placed a warm palm over Will's navel. Will rolled his eyes.

"I'm not twenty years old anymore, Hannibal. You want to dress me like a belly dancer."

"Far from it," Hannibal assured him. "I want you to keep it hidden from everyone but me, have it be something for the two of us to enjoy together."

Will hummed, disbelieving, but allowed Hannibal to add this to Will's body without too much fuss.

By the time it healed, it was still awfully sensitive, and Will found he didn't hate it quite as much as he'd anticipated he would. Hannibal worshipped it as he worshipped Will, and while it wasn't as useful to Will for tormenting his lover, it was rather fetching when he caught a look at himself in the mirror. He might not have been twenty anymore, but there was something to be said for titanium and scars.

The year after Will's navel, Hannibal offered two rings. Amused, Will held up his left hand and wiggled his fingers.

"We're already married," he reminded him. Hannibal just leaned in to kiss Will chastely with a smile. Then he kissed down Will's throat, over his collarbones, down his sternum. Will laughed before Hannibal got his lips around one of his nipples and shook his head. "You're actually fucking serious."

"Yes," Hannibal replied, giving Will and absolutely filthy look as he pressed his cheek to Will's heartbeat. "May I?"

The last two piercings had gone over well, and Will certainly enjoyed having his nipples toyed with. Sighing, he nodded, trying hard to keep a bored expression on his face.

He was certain Hannibal sensed his amusement, regardless, particularly when Will jerked and moaned and got *hard* from the sharp jab of a needle through each nipple.

When they healed, Hannibal hung a length of golden chain between them and held it while he fucked Will, tugging him to a screaming release. He worshipped the rings with lips and teeth, tormented Will day after day.

The next year, when Hannibal offered more jewelry, Will didn't question it.

“How do you want me?”

“Bare, in our bed.”

Will stripped. He sprawled out across the sheets. He let Hannibal tie him down with only a bit of hesitation.

“I would hate to have you jerk and hurt yourself,” Hannibal explained.

When Hannibal spread Will’s legs, Will did jerk a little, but only until Hannibal leaned over to kiss him, body familiar and heavy over Will’s chest. “Trust me,” he murmured. “I would never do you damage, nor hurt you unnecessarily.”

“Just necessarily,” Will agreed, biting his lip as Hannibal nuzzled him. “You are such a sadist at heart, aren’t you?”

“I wouldn’t say so.”

“Liar.” Will grinned. He didn’t squirm away when Hannibal spread his legs again and sat back, just sighed and let his eyes close. He didn’t even want to see what was going on, if he were honest. The very thought of what Hannibal was thinking of doing down there freaked him out.

But.

They had been married now, for years, and outside of Hannibal’s kinky little piercing fascination, they had had a curiously gentle and enjoyable time together throughout. Even the piercings had proven mutually enjoyable, in the end.

“Hedonist,” Hannibal offered him after a moment. “I will accept hedonist.”

To Will’s surprise, he didn’t pierce his cock. He’d expected something on the tip, or a goddamn Prince Albert but Hannibal instead pierced him over Will’s perineum, a barbell comfortably small just behind his balls. Will had never heard of such a thing, but was entirely unsurprised that Hannibal had, and when Hannibal pulled back and kissed Will’s thigh, Will narrowed his eyes at him.

“We’re not fucking til that heals,” he told him. Hannibal just grinned.

“There are other ways,” he reminded Will.

Then he’d proven it to him, his mouth hot and wet around Will’s cock, bringing him to the brink over and over until Will forgot his pain entirely.

When the piercing healed, Hannibal had Will on his back, reaching between his thighs to toy teasingly with the metal barbell. It created a tantalizing pressure on Will’s prostate from the outside. He writhed beneath him, arching up into Hannibal’s hands, his cock. Hannibal wrapped lips around his nipple piercings and tugged at them with his teeth.

Will was fairly certain he was going to end up mostly made of metal, but he couldn't bring himself to care. Not if Hannibal would take him apart like this.

They laid together in the afterglow, damp and messy and uncaring.

"Next year," Will said, sleepy and well-sated, "it'll be five years. I want something nice."

"And what would that be?"

"Earrings," Will murmured. "Diamonds."

Hannibal's lips grazed the curve of his ear. "I'm sure I can find something suitable."

End Notes

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